

ONTARIO FISH AND WILDLIFE REVIEW

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DEPARTMENT OF LANDS AND FORESTS

HON. RENE BRUNELLE, MINISTER

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THE COVER

A good day's bag of pheasant, the most popular game bird in the shadow of Metro Toronto high-risers: a graphic footnote by D. W. Simkin to the report in this issue by J. S. Dorland. On the back cover is Ted Jenkins' arty view of spawning pickerel in you-know-what river to go along with the eloquence (Page 5) of Carman Douglas, our man on the Moon.

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Duologue

Conservation used to be a contest: gamekeepers versus exploiters. Now, you can't tell the players without a census.

Many a resource manager doffs his uniform occasionally to do a little hunting or fishing, himself. Now, you might say, he's an exploiter.

Many a sportsman devotes a part of his hunting-fishing time to conservation projects or public education. Now, in a sense, he's a resource manager.

Sportsmen organize to control hunting and fishing, not just to promote it. Resource managers think as much of harvest as of protection. Leadership in conservation comes from user-managers and manager-users.

Exploiters and conservationists have moved impressively close to a unity of purpose. Their partnership began with the recommendation by sportsmen that natural resources be managed in a scientific manner. Progress has been achieved with the willingness of sportsmen to accept the limits imposed by the facts established through scientific investigation.

Our boasted progress is no accident. It has come from a parallel development in both scientific and ethical concepts. These are mutually supporting and encouraging to both sportsmen and resource managers.

In Ontario, at least, progress towards the wisest use of renewable, natural resources depends importantly on the interplay between managers and outdoorsmen.

Year to year and day to day, it's a continuous two-way conversation. Country-wise outdoorsmen suggest and explain to managers; in groups, they petition and recommend. Simultaneously, managers give out facts and views—in a variety of ways to reach many ears.

The formal uses of the mass media (publications, press releases, newsletters and broadcasts) carry information highlights to a large audience, but interesting details and background information are often best provided by biologists and conservation officers when they attend shows or meetings to give talks or answer questions.

From the lecture platform and eyeball to eyeball, they give and receive. Talk and back-talk.

Let's talk it up!

HUNTING LICENCES

I like to look back to the days of my father,
To the days when a fellow could take out his son
And wander the forests with never a bother
Of getting a licence to carry a gun.

But look at the licences now that are needed
And of course we all try to abide by the rule
For if we slip up and the law is not heeded
We're branded a poacher, and also a fool.

Your hound needs a tag when the old year has ended
In spite of the fact he is kept in a pen;
It is not allowed loose unless it's attended
For it loves to hunt just as well as we men.

When April comes in, then you pay some more money—
A licence for varmints—as you ought to know,
Though farmers are glad to be rid of so many
Woodchucks and others including the crow.

In September once more you will be out of pocket;
Your varmint licence is then out of date;
The new one allows you to shoot at a rocket
If ducks can be found any where in the state.

And then comes October when three days are open,
Are open for pheasants, although they are few;
Three dollars a licence you pay while you're hopin'
That you get a chance at a feather or two.

For deer it's five dollars that you will be paying
And three dollars more if your hound goes along,
For even a doggie is not allowed baying
Until he is licensed for singing his song.

Of course to hunt moose it is five dollars steeper
And chances are even you won't see a track
Though you crawl through the brush and wear out a peeper
While wondering if ever you'll find your way back.

Your beefsteak and bacon is hung where it's coldest;
You then hit the ticking to have a few winks,
But midnight and starlight make robbers the boldest
And you find you've been robbed by a big-footed lynx.

You cuss the intruder and loud is your yapping;
You plan your revenge which will even the score;
You'll mighty soon prove that you still know your trapping
Though a licence to trap him costs five dollars more.

Yes, it's three dollars here and it's five dollars there;
The hunter pays dearly before he is done;
Yet FISHERMEN always fly up in the air
When a dollar is mentioned to pay for their fun.

(Circa 1959)

G. N. Ruttle.

Department of Lands and Forests,
Queens Park, Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Sirs:

At long last you have done it—no more free fishing. I have been advocating this ever since you built the first fish-rearing pond. Approximately 35 to 40% of Ontario residents never fish, yet they have had to pay 35 to 40% of the hundreds of thousands of dollars spent by the Department to improve fishing. This may sound as though I was no fisherman, but such is not the case. Until recently I had half a dozen rods and two tackle boxes filled with tackle—most of it useless.

I have caught thousands of fish and one year the first three pickerel I caught, first day out, weighed over eight pounds each. I have taken 15-pounders from the Nottawasaga River. I once hooked a Musky in Stoney Lake on light tackle and fought him for an hour and thirty-two minutes. It weighed 38 lbs. But from the time you began spending Provincial revenue to improve fishing I have felt guilty of receiving a hand-out which was to a large extent paid for by those who never fished. That was not as it should be, or should have been.

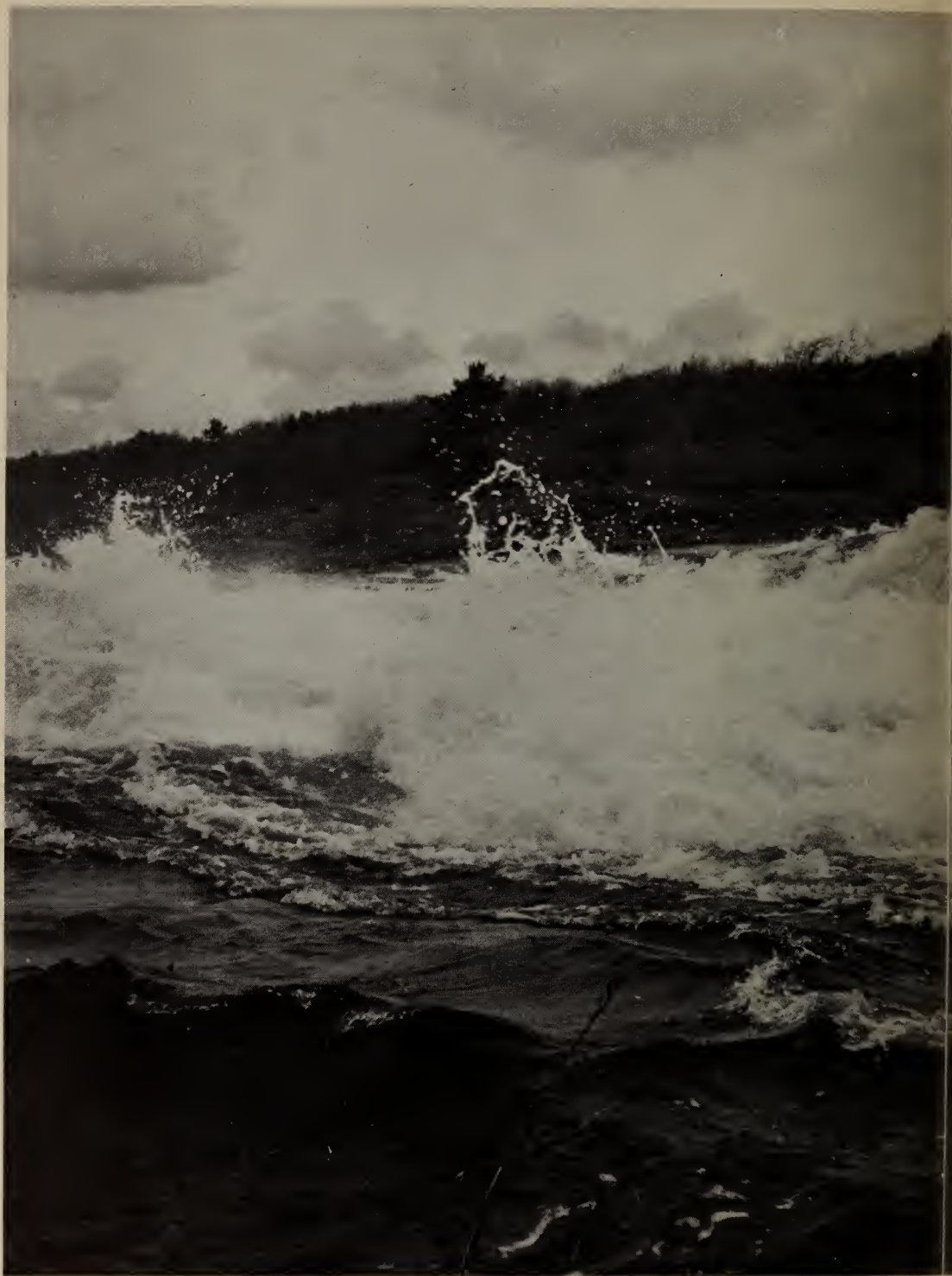
I shot my first bear (also three Whitetail bucks) in 1898, just 70 years ago this fall, but two years ago I passed on my three guns and my fishing tackle and outboard to younger hands as I am now pretty well crippled with arthritis, so,

I no longer roam the hills,
No longer I enjoy the thrills
Of spinning reel as line runs out
When I have hooked a Rainbow trout—
Which leaps on high—a sight to see—
All this—is now but memory.
I have no future left me now,
I could not plan a week or so,
I've naught to plan for—that I vow,
What can I do when old and slow
Except . . . to sit and reminisce
The trials I've shared—also the bliss,
And trust the young folks may append
Such pleasant thoughts—NEAR JOURNEY'S END.

G. N. Ruttle

EDITORIAL COMMENT

During the year, many complaints, suggestions, explanations and comments are received from interested outdoorsmen. The preceding are two we felt our readers would also enjoy.



Those precious drops of water in the Moon River.

A Problem of Water

MAN AND THE MOON

by Carman Douglas

Fish and Wildlife Supervisor, Parry Sound Forest District

(Photos by the Author)

What is the Moon and where is it? Not 234,000 miles away as we've long been taught; not accessible only by rocket and space capsule which have held our interest so recently; not even a heavenly body. Well, not a heavenly body to some, maybe, but a paradise to the fisherman, nonetheless.

Of course, the "Moon" of this report is not the earth's satellite but the river, the mouth of the Muskoka watershed, emptying into Georgian Bay. More readily attainable than the moon of the space program. No less complex to the student of its fisheries.

Why do we call our Moon a paradise? Consult the records. For long it has been known to the fisherman as a productive area for yellow pickerel. Since 1950, when it produced a 23-pound, 9-ouncer, it's been known as a source of record-breakers.

Our recent tagging program concerned with its pickerel populations suggests that many are found there of a size comparable to that record. In fact, we suspect that the 25-pounder of 1960 from Old Hickory Lake in Tennessee will meet its match and better in a pickerel from our Moon.

Why is the Moon River so complex? Look at a map and follow back along the watershed. Right across Muskoka and into Algonquin Provincial Park. Along the way, see the three Muskoka Lakes, Joseph, Rosseau and Muskoka; farther up find Lake of Bays; farther still is Hollow or Kawagama Lake. On side branches, see the streams from smaller lakes in Algonquin Park; see Mary, Fairy, Vernon and Peninsula near Huntsville;

see Skeleton Lake and beside it our fish hatchery. Look downstream from Bala and note that it has a companion outlet to the watershed. A large watershed—not really as some go—but what do you see on all these lakes and many smaller ones which flow to the main course? Cottages and lodges, lots of them, and dams. Watch how we spell that—dams, lots of them! Not only control dams but hydro-electric power dams as well.

Dams, cottages, hydro power—what does this all mean? People, that's what it all means. People on larger and lesser lakes and all concerned with each and every drop of water as it surges down the watershed. Beaches, docks, boathouses, kilowatts, waterskis, power boats, swimming, drinking, transportation, fish. Water means many things to many people. Many people with many things mean complications. How best to serve the needs of many people, many fish, many kinds of fish with just so many drops of water? Drops which finally become our Moon. Our Moon, our paradise on Georgian Bay, our producer of record fish, our major pickerel spawning bed, our final collection of much-used drops of water, our final culmination of complexities on Georgian Bay. Man on our Moon.

Count up those organizations along the way, administrative and social. Fifteen major ones. Add the subsidiaries. Count them again. Almost impossible to decide where it ends, who we may hear from about a drop of water or a drop *in* water. What chance has a drop of water got to satisfy so many with

so many different concepts of best use? Multi-use. Never was the multi better used, more applicable. Multi-use. Co-operation. Conservation. Wise use. Best use.

No place here for Cyclops. No chance to use one eye. Indeed, with even many eyes, all problems, all needs, all wishes are not likely to be seen and foreseen. Poor Cyclops. Only one eye. Only one eye, no chance of perspective. Stand back well; use both eyes, get things in perspective, proper, well-considered perspective, and co-operate. Give a bit, take a bit, take pity on that drop of water; put yourself in its place. Decide how you can best serve so many masters. Can you serve them all, and equally? Perhaps not all at once and not all to perfection, but all to some extent, given half a chance.

And who decides that "half a chance"? It comes from letters, phone calls, discussions, the applied principles of conservation, best use, multi-use.

Faced with such a problem, what to do? Sit down together. Get the maps and the records, the data on flow, volumes, acre-feet, cubic feet per second, channel capacities, by-pass gates, spawning periods, incubation periods, kilowatts, rainfall, snowfall, water-snow equivalents and the coffee. Yes, don't forget the coffee, and sit down. Together.

Now decide with careful reference to all our needs, all our previous drawdown schedules, all our knowledge of what is needed by everyone and everything, and start to split that drop of water. Give a little, take a little, if you can and when.

See the other's point of view and show him yours. That lake must come down. That one must stay up for two more weeks. That flow must come down and that one must come up. What is the equivalent of one acre-foot expressed in cubic feet per second? How long the flow? Consult, communicate, co-operate!

Eventually a picture will emerge. Eventually our single drop of water emerges from the confusion. Eventually a pattern of control emerges. Eventually we come to

satisfy to the best possible degree all the needs of all the users.

Fantastic? Not at all!

In such a fashion have those in our Department met with those in Public Works and those in Ontario Hydro, met among themselves and with each other, and with the many groups concerned, together, to direct our drop of water for the common good, the common goal. To apply the concepts of co-operation, best-use, multi-use, conservation.

Try it yourself, it works; bring lots of coffee and sit down. Together.

Thus did we pursue our program, together. No use to go alone. Too many users. Man on the Moon, indeed. Nothing new in that at all for us. Complexities. Conservation.

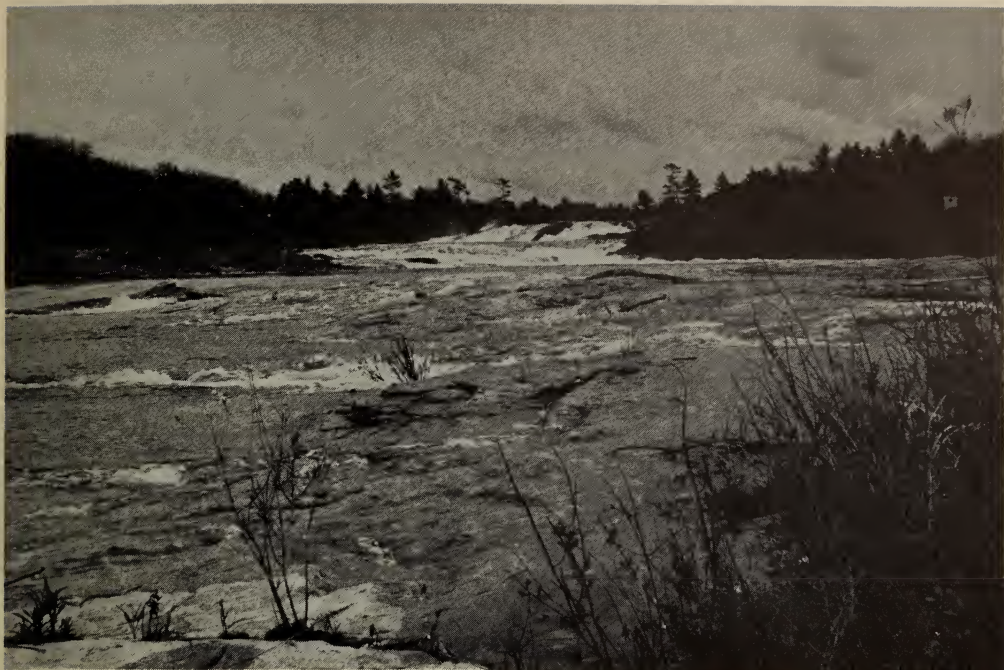
And that will do for a preamble!

Many years ago (well not so many, come to think) each went on his own way in this story. Not so much because he was a cyclops. Cyclops didn't know what he missed; neither did we in our cycloplan way. Seeing only what was out in front, immediate and obvious; no perspective, no communication, no expression or exchange of ideas. What chance for co-operation, conservation, best use? No one gave these things a chance; each one was a cyclops.

Lakes too high—draw them down. Got them down—close the dam. Need more power—draw the water. Fish spawn bare—get more flow again.

Eventually, however, with the sitting down and the data and the coffee, we could see that heavy drawdowns, early, would form reservoir reserves in which to contain freshets as spawning runs began. Then with a minimum, adequate flow for pickerel at the Moon mouth, they were held to channels, had no chance to enter backwaters and pockets in elevated, rocky shelves; spawn and spawners were controlled.

Had they, in greater flow, ascended to the rocky shelves, naught left to do but keep the flow, reducing power generation and levels



Moon Falls and the pickerel spawning beds immediately below. Further downstream is a series of rock shelves on which fish and spawn are left high and dry by a sudden drop in water.

for docks, lodges, cottages. Or else we cut the flow and strand the fish and bare the spawn and lose our year class and some parents. But not with proper planning and communication and co-operation.

These pickerel at the Moon—how many and from where?

To know this better, we've begun a tagging program there.

The springs of '68 and '69 saw crews tag over 8,000 of them and fin-clip some more; in total 8,796 to date.

Initial estimates suggest a spawning group in excess of 20,000. A lot of pounds in a run of that size. A lot of fish for a lot of anglers. A lot of fish for a lot of tables. And to continue, they must spawn. Back to our drop of water.

How far? One wandered to Fox Bay, near our north boundary, the French River, 77 miles by water. One tag was sent from the mouth of the Gibson, 36 miles by water.

Both anglers and netters sent them back. Some came from nets at The Watcher Island; others came from Sandy. Most, however, as the crow flies, came from within ten miles of the tagging site. Perhaps two populations spawn there; an early and a late run are indicated. The early one's a local group; the late from farther out? Perhaps. Soon we will know and be able to assess the effectiveness of rules and regulations.

And not only for their spawn is the flow considered.

In the fall—no flow, no fish. Are they still there but refuse to bite in quiet water? Or are they drawn inside by the rushing of our drop of water? Perhaps a bit of one, a bit of both. Both factors lie within our study program.

To the angler, where's the angle in all this? Again, our drop of water. Hold it back until, in volume, it can be released in flood to draw the fish or make them feed, what-



Pickeral spawning on rock shelf. Photo by T. Jenkins.

ever is the case. The cause we query; the result we know. Good flow—good fishing in the fall.

Some time ago, the water was released quite early from the Muskokas to prepare for deep spawning of their trout. Then it was raised again to protect the spawn from winter drawdown. No longer worth the while to do that in Muskoka, but that's another and a longer story. Now plans are afoot to prepare for a flow late in the fall as a matter of course. Won't always be possible without some help from Nature. Such was the case in 1968 when monthly precipitation averaged 88 per cent of normal on the watershed, and October was only 64 per cent. No surplus water that fall. A draw-down, then, from that low level—and what of kilowatts and freezing of exposed water pipes? Short-memored sportsmen forgot about the flow and yelled we'd stopped the biting with our jaw tags or, worse still, killed the fish. But the fish were back there in our

traps this spring, and we look forward to a greater flow this fall. Indeed, if precipitation doesn't soon slack off, we're going to have a greater flow all summer too, with lakes and rivers all considering leaving their containing banks to come ashore.

As man increases his needs for recreative sports, we may in time find need to ensure still further this flow and its rewarding fishery. With this in mind, some small investigations have been undertaken to discover where a channel might be cut from the southern outlet channel back into the Moon. In such a way, both needs for kilowatts and fishing could be served, each in its turn by our inimitable drop of water, basis of our problem, basis of our product, the breath of our life on the Moon.

Man on the Moon. Why, he's been there for years, but only lately have we come to know him better. Or better know his problem and our problem and to see in it the better and the best use of our drop of water.

THE SOFT-MOUTHED MAN-TRAP, AND AFTER

by John Macfie

Senior Conservation Officer, Parry Sound Forest District

In the England of a couple of centuries ago, if a poacher was helping himself to your rabbits, you set a stout steel trap to catch him. The man-trap exemplified the way problems were attacked in those uncomplicated times: head on, with simple, direct remedies.

The model pictured here is not the ancient man-trap. The blacksmith who fashioned it, probably around 1800, wrought prophecy in iron. Here is a "humane" trap, designed not to close fully on a poacher's leg as did the more ferocious, early models; its jaws are arrested two inches short of closure merely to hold the poacher,

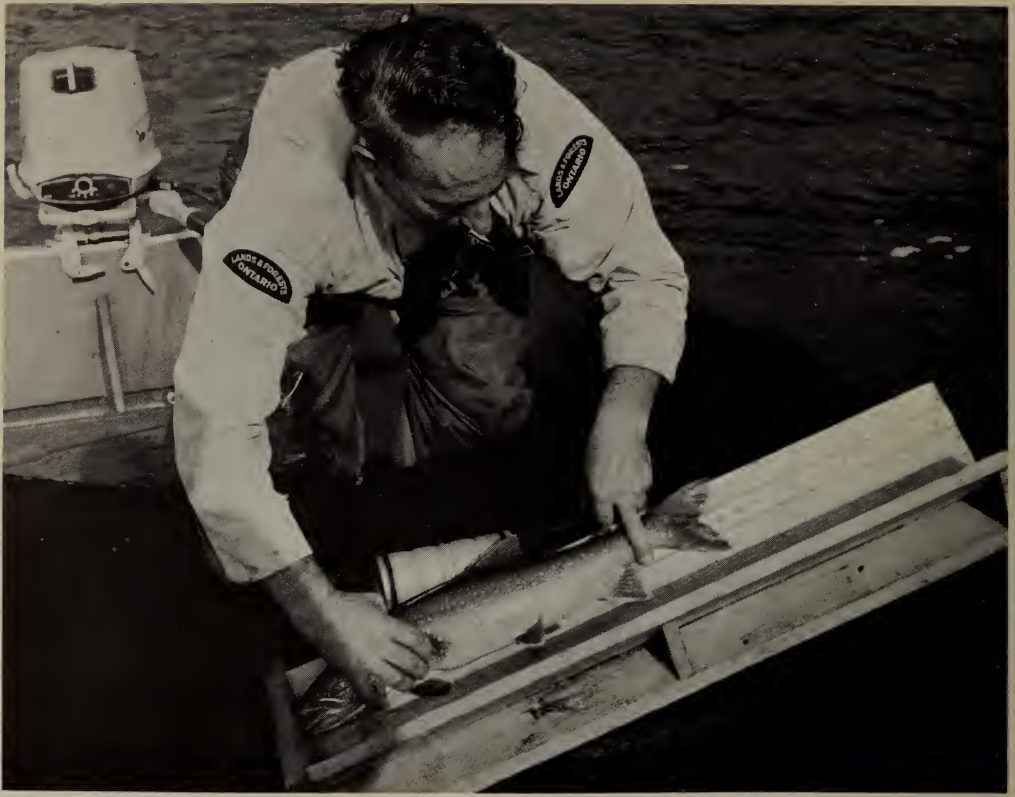
perhaps without so much as breaking a bone. The man-trap had become solely a means of apprehension, while punishment was a matter for the courts. In 1829, Parliament abolished the use of man-traps.

(One is tempted to pursue the course of conservation in England from this juncture, but D. H. Lawrence high-graded that vein with his study of gamekeeping on the Chatterley estate.)

Ontario first put teeth in its game laws in the 1890s after a Royal Commission sounded public opinion and found, among other things, a strong feeling in favor of the establishment of a special force of game



Man trap. Photo, courtesy of The Wiltshire Archaeological and Natural History Society, Wiltshire, Great Britain.



The Conservation Officer can age, sex and census anything that walks, swims or flies. Here, Wilson Sinclair measures a lake trout. Photo by John Macfie.

officers. The Government responded by appointing four “game and fishery wardens” at ten dollars a month and spotting them strategically about the Province.

This group was enlarged later, and then “special game and fishery wardens” were appointed, swelling the ranks of enforcement officers to about 150 early in this century. For the special appointee, game-wardening was a sideline. One fellow travelled a stallion and presumably kept one eye on the bush as he made his rounds of the farms; his pay evidently was a cut of the fines his efforts generated.

Coverage of the lakes and forests was not very thorough, but when an offender was caught, the consequences were likely to be severe. It wasn’t unknown for a fur-poacher, apprehended with a single illicit beaver skin,

to be marched to the local jail, to face the magistrate in the morning, and to be assessed a fine equal to a couple of month’s pay.

In those days, game and fish management consisted of setting seasons and limits and selling licences. The game warden, as the name implied, was the cop on the bush beat. One way or another, he managed to foster a mystique of dogged determination that went a long way toward keeping the backwoods citizen straight. For example, some people believed he wore his snowshoes backwards to confound the public—which was a very good thing because it allowed him to wear them in the normal way and still confuse the public.

Then, gradually, the Grey Owl image began to take shape. Fiction writers hit on the idea of humanizing wildlife. The



Many people have been led to regard the game warden as Grey Owl, a champion of wildlife. Photo of Conservation Officer Bill Ellerington by John Macfie.

sympathy they evoked changed the attitude of their many readers, especially juveniles. The game warden could now be seen, at least from certain narrow angles, in a new light—a champion of wild creatures instead of an obstacle on the hunting trail. The first bright rays of enlightenment had filtered through to the forest floor.

Somewhere along the way, the Ontario warden became known as the game overseer—a kind of shepherd. Elsewhere in Canada, he was now a game guardian, which was even more to the point.

Following World War II, the high-booted Department of Game and Fisheries sank from sight in the 1946 merger with the Department of Lands and Forests, and its field staff resurfaced as “conservation officers”. The new title implied that these

men would spend less time tracking poachers and more time applying the science of conservation which was a bright new word at that time.

The transformation did not take place over night, but more than twenty years of re-shaping has molded the conservation officer into a highly trained technician who conducts biological surveys, writes technical reports, manipulates habitat, and gathers facts upon which harvest controls are based. He can age, sex and census anything that walks, swims or flies as readily as the old game warden could read the mind of a poacher. And, like the fellow with the horse, he keeps an eye open for lawbreakers as he pursues his main line of business.

Change continues. In our Centennial year, another vestige of the past was lopped off by



Sampling the lake trout population of Lake Bernard is an example of the Conservation Officer's many and varied tasks. Photo by John Macfie.

decreeing that the Ontario conservation officer's territory would henceforth be known as his management area, not his patrol. The reasoning was that the new term would give the public (and perhaps the officer, himself) a better notion of what he was supposed to be doing there.

So there you have the end-product of evolution since the soft-mouthed man-trap. At the moment, about 280 conservation officers maintain a commendable degree of law and order among two million, highly mobile hunters and anglers with a great deal of free time on their hands. (And in an age when judges are not inclined to say you're guilty just because the game warden says you're guilty.)

How do they manage to do it? Well, for one thing, poaching from hunger is just about out of the picture. More importantly, the conservation band wagon has influenced the thinking of sportsmen. You don't run the bases in the wrong direction because it spoils the ball game for everybody. The idea that wildlife doesn't exist solely for the amusement of man is sinking in. Most people play by the rules whether they think the game warden is watching or not.

That is how it is now, but the final word is not in. A law of the universe says that nothing stands still. Will man's regard for the lesser animals rise to the point where he will need no watching at all?

MARKETING OF FRESHWATER FISH

by M. J. Brubacher
Supervisor, Commercial Fisheries Unit
(Photos by the Author)

The commercial fisherman is concerned primarily about good catches of fish and good prices when they are sold. Three plans for marketing fish in parts of Ontario have been considered by fishermen and by government agencies, both Federal and Provincial, during the last six years. Each one differs in important details, but the objectives are similar—to sell fish at better prices.

FISH AS FARM PRODUCTS

Developments in the marketing of farm products have had a significant influence on planning for fish marketing in Ontario. In the early 1920s, farm prices and income fell severely, and farmers in Ontario began to look for improvement through better marketing. The depression, which began in 1929 and continued for nearly ten years, convinced both farmers and the Ontario government that a means should be found by which farmers would realize a better selling price for their products. Farm marketing co-operatives had not provided all of the expected benefits.

The Ontario Farm Products Marketing Act was passed in 1937. In 1963, an amendment to this Act placed Ontario fishermen in an entirely new position when "fish" was declared to be a farm product for purposes of the Act. This action, while unique in Ontario, had precedence elsewhere. In Great Britain and Australia, fish and agricultural products were often the responsibility of the same government department.

The 1963 amendment resulted from

marketing difficulties experienced during the previous year by Lake Erie perch and smelt fishermen. Heavy production, limited market demand, and what many fishermen felt were unsatisfactory practices, had resulted in very low prices during a part of that year.

Under the Act, a producers marketing plan is initiated when a segment of the producers of a product attempts to form a marketing board. Their plan is studied by the Ontario Farm Products Marketing Board and its advisors. The final plan is voted on by the producers. If two-thirds of those voting are in favour, the plan becomes binding on all producers within the area in question.

The Lake Erie fish producers advanced to the stage of drafting the preliminary plan. A number of important amendments to the first draft were found to be necessary. Since "fish" was not covered in the necessary Federal agricultural legislation, new legislation would have been required in Ottawa to make the Ontario plan workable. Before these matters could be dealt with, another fishing season had begun. Short supplies of perch and stronger prices in 1964 probably accounted in part for the fact that the Lake Erie producers did not pursue further their efforts to establish a marketing board.

FISHERY PRICES SUPPORT

In 1945, it was feared that serious declines and instability in prices would be experienced by Canadian producers as in the early Twenties. The Fishery Prices Support Board was formed by the Federal Govern-

ment to deal with emergencies as they arise. It has since dealt with a number of acute problems in fish marketing in various parts of Canada.

In 1966, heavy landings in the spring fishery in Lake Erie were again accompanied by very low prices. Inventories of frozen perch fillets grew rapidly until the processors were no longer prepared to store them. A collapse of the fishery seemed imminent. An appeal for assistance was made by fishermen and processors to the Fishery Prices Support Board.

A prices support program was initiated by the Department of Fisheries in August, 1966, and extended to March 1, 1968. Minor adjustments in the next two fiscal years were negotiated.

The price of ten cents at the dockside (less if transportation charges were not covered by the spread between 10 cents at the dock and 13½ cents in the frozen store of a processor), and relatively abundant supplies of perch in 1967, resulted in a large carry-over of frozen stocks of both round fish and fillets into the early months of 1968.

If stable, good prices are to be maintained, the supply of fish must be controlled. Thus, the commercial fishermen requested the Department of Lands and Forests to close perch fishing in Lake Erie from December 15, 1967, to the end of March, 1968, and set maximum production quotas for 1968. The April and May quota was six million pounds and that for the remainder of the season, ten million pounds. This quota resulted in the closing of perch fishing in Lake Erie during the last week of May. The price for spring-caught perch was fixed at seven cents.

By September of 1968, all of the funds provided for the program had been exhausted. No further purchase of perch or perch fillets was possible until inventories owned by the Support Board could be sold. This meant that perch prices were not supported during the fall fishing period, and the fishery as a consequence requested

removal of the quota. Although prices exhibited less stability with the removal of support, good production levels of high-quality fish resulted in a profitable fall operation and a total landing for the year of twenty-five million pounds.

REGIONAL MARKETING BOARD FOR FRESHWATER FISH

Schemes for the marketing of agricultural products that are provincial in scope can be established under provincial legislation. Any plan which embraces more than one province, however, can only be created by an Act of the Government of Canada.

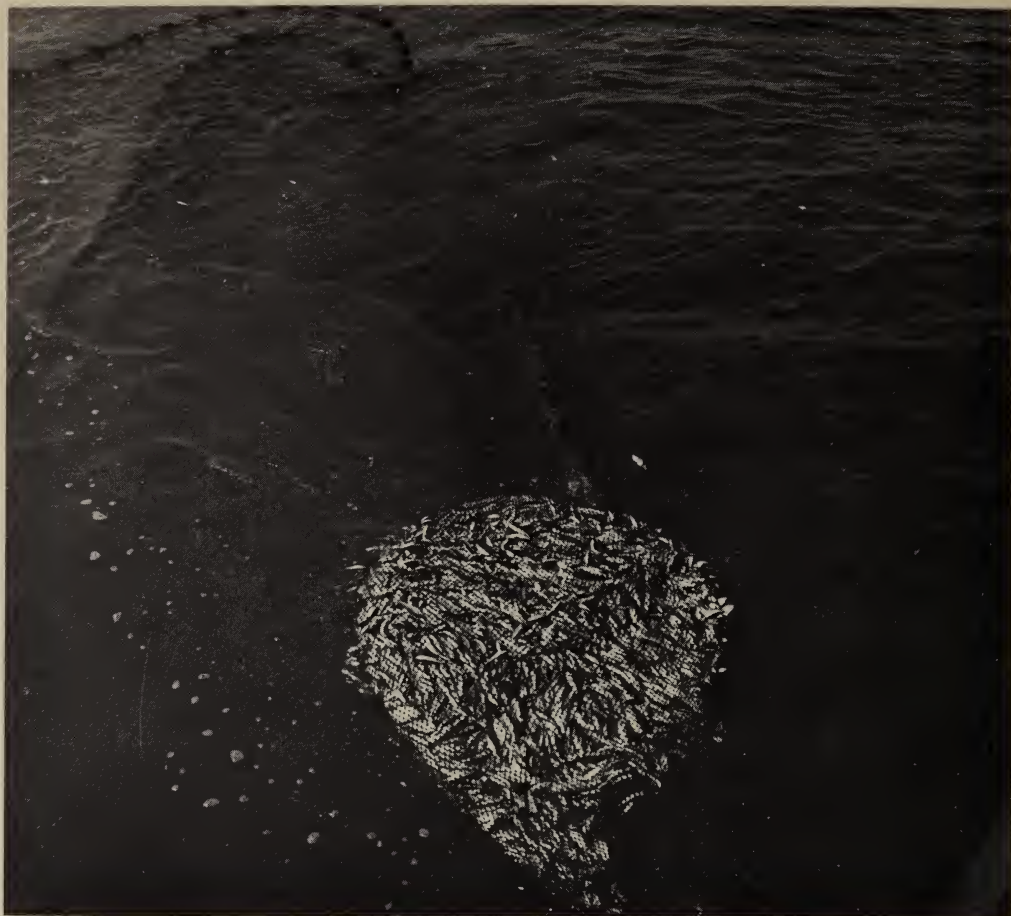
To be effective, any marketing plan must have the active support of the producers. It must encompass all or most of the production, and it must take into account the position, not only of the producers, but of those concerned in buying, storing, transporting, processing and selling.

In January, 1964, a Federal-Provincial Conference on Fisheries Development, recognizing the backwardness of the freshwater fishery and fish trade, set up a committee to study the marketing aspects of the freshwater fishery of the central provinces. Its report led to the appointment in July, 1965, of a Commission of Inquiry into Freshwater Fish Marketing. The Commissioner, Mr. George H. McIvor, CMG., reported his findings and recommendations in 1966.

The commissioner found many of the same conditions which led to marketing organization in the agricultural sphere. The fishermen received too small a proportion of the retail price of their fish, and the large number of Canadian exporters were ineffective in bargaining with the relatively small number of well organized United States importers. Mr. McIvor recommended that an organization be created by Federal legislation to market fish produced in the Northwest Territories, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and in the northwestern part of Ontario. (The fisheries of the Great



Gill net boat on Lake Erie, dragging for smelt with bottom trawls.



Cod end of trawl, loaded with smelt, waiting to be hoisted aboard.

Lakes were excluded from the area proposed.) It was suggested that such a marketing organization would assist in alleviating these problems.

Extensive and detailed study of the report of the commission was made by a committee of representatives from departments concerned. The committee concluded that a Federal-Provincial marketing organization would benefit the fishermen by eliminating needless costs and by strengthening their bargaining position through centralization of all exporting in a single authority. Some experts expected this would result in an improvement of as much as one-third or more. It is reasonable that fisheries, with

good selling arrangements, would enjoy smaller gains than those in a less favourable position.

During the summer and fall of 1968, after a series of meetings to discuss marketing, the fishermen of northwestern Ontario expressed a majority opinion in favour of inclusion in the planned organization. In the first few months of 1969, the Freshwater Fish Marketing Corporation was created by federal legislation. Each of the provinces and the Northwest Territories proceeded with the necessary complementary legislation and regulations. The Corporation began operations in May, 1969, in all regions except Ontario. Here there was a delay because only



Smelt are sorted and stored in boxes on boat while it trawls for more smelt.

the northwest portion of the province was included.

Reports of the first few months of operation indicate that, although organizational problems exist, the Corporation is beginning to achieve its aims. A strong, firm market for freshwater fish has been developed by the Corporation both in the United States and in Europe. The Corporation sets a price, for each species and grade of fish, which it pays to the fishermen. As the fish are sold by the Corporation, a pool of money is established. At the end of the year, net profits are distributed to each fisherman in proportion to the fish he contributed.

Fishermen throughout the region are generally receiving better prices for their fish, and it appears that final payments for all pools will be possible. In June and July of 1969, the demand for most of the products of the freshwater fishery exceeded the supply.

The creation of the Freshwater Fish Marketing Corporation by federal and provincial legislation has set a milestone in product marketing in Canada. The attainment of its objectives will depend upon the skills and ability of the Corporation's administration and upon good management of the resource by each participating province.



Woodcock occur in large enough numbers to add spice to many a hunting trip in the Metro area. Photo by W. A. Creighton.

HUNTING IN THE VICINITY OF METRO TORONTO

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Historians inform us that in 1820 "Muddy York", the lower centre of what is now Metropolitan Toronto, scarcely covered the area between Queen and Front and Simcoe and Parliament Streets. Before one reached the corner of Bloor Street, one was well into the country of the pioneer farms. We are further informed that the countryside then abounded in wildlife which spilled over into the town. Waterfowl by the thousands inhabited York's bogs and marshes. Deer on the street were a common sight, with mink, beaver, trout and salmon to be taken in the creeks that flowed about the town.

Although the dense forests and bogs which surrounded the Toronto of that day have been removed, many of the game species remain or have returned. Today, deer graze in the fields alongside highways within Metro limits. The cottontail and jack rabbit are common inhabitants of the vacant lots and hedgerows. Even the coyote and the red fox take the occasional look inside the boundaries of Metro.

Although most wildlife species managed to survive the calamity of urbanization, hunting has not. As Toronto expanded, the areas enclosed were cut off from hunting. Municipal by-laws, prohibiting hunting in some manner, are now enforced by all boroughs within the city limits and on the land bordering them.

Two of man's basic needs for survival are food and shelter. These requisites also apply to wildlife. In viewing our countryside today, it might appear to some that man is doing his best to destroy animal and bird habitat. The old rail fences partially covered

with bushes, where small birds and animals were once seen, have been largely removed to carry out better farming practices. The numerous brush piles of yesteryear are not as prominent today. It is obvious that the changes brought about by man have created a very different type of habitat for wildlife than that which existed prior to his arrival on the scene. These changes are apparently acceptable to the present species of wildlife, for if one were to look at game harvest figures for the areas open to hunting near Toronto today, it would be seen that the production of wildlife is still high.

In the early Thirties, thanks to the introduction of the ring-necked pheasant and the European hare (jack rabbit), there was an abundance of game to shoot in the vicinity of Toronto. On the opening day of the two-day pheasant season, hunters flocked into the countryside. Organized drives of fifty to one hundred hunters swept the open fields, piling the harvested hares at every convenient crossroad. The results of this type of hunting were disastrous to the hunter and eventually also to the landowner. There were just too many hunters.

In 1937, the government established by Order-in-Council what we know today as Regulated Townships. Up to 1963, some 128 townships in southern Ontario passed by-laws pursuant to The Game and Fish Act of Ontario for the hunting of pheasant, rabbits and foxes, limiting the number of non-resident hunters in a township. For a time, this township licence brought the hordes of hunters under some control. Later on, a few townships started to impose

restrictions beyond those set down by Order-in-Council. This resulted in a great difference in the fees charged and number of permits sold by townships to non-residents.

To correct these inequalities, the system was revised. Now, an unlimited number of Township Licences are issued to residents for a fee not greater than \$1.00. Each Regulated Township is required to offer at least 200 licences to non-residents for a fee not greater than \$3.00.

During recent years, pheasant and rabbit hunters in the regulated townships of Chinguacousy, King, Whitchurch, Markham and Pickering have enjoyed fair-to-good hunting, and complaints from landowners have been minimal.

The cottontail is the most abundant game species in these townships. Basically a creature of the brush lot, it is seldom found more than a jump away from a woodchuck hole in a hedgerow, briar patch, or some other safe refuge. Possibly not as numerous as in the day of the rail fences, this little animal appears to be increasing in density lately. Hunting seems to have little effect on trends in its abundance. In some orchards and nurseries, the cottontail is plentiful enough to cause serious damage to trees and shrubs.

The European hare (jack rabbit) is a fast running creature of the open fields. Considered scarce a few years ago, this game animal is now reported on the increase, and many may be seen cavorting in the open fields bordering Metro Toronto, particularly in late winter or early spring when the mating urge causes them to lose their naturally cautious behaviour.

The ring-necked pheasant, without question, is the most popular of the Metro-area game birds, and large numbers of pheasants reared at the two provincial game bird farms (at Codrington and Normandale) are released annually in this area to supplement the natural population.

During recent open seasons, approximately 3,000 hunters in the vicinity of

Metro, annually harvest an average of one pheasant for every two days afield. In the townships of Toronto, Scarborough and Vaughn, and in the lower parts of Markham, where hunting is now prohibited, this attractive game bird has found a home in the open farm and abandoned fields. Here, flocks of twenty-five to fifty may be observed at times. This introduced species is short-lived with a life expectancy not likely to exceed two or three years. Experience has indicated that in areas of good habitat, even under conditions of heavy hunting pressure, the population is able to maintain its numbers. For instance, in Markham where no pheasants have been stocked for years, some 700 hunters experience better-than-average hunting.

Because of the type of habitat in the Metro area, ruffed grouse and woodcock, the common birds of the woods slightly farther north, are not as abundant as pheasants. They do, however, occur in large enough numbers to add spice to many a Metro area hunting trip. Both species offer the hunter a difficult target. Few hunters, however, hunt them exclusively, but they are usually taken by hunters who are after rabbit or pheasants. Of the two species, the woodcock is the less well known but more abundant and a greater challenge to the wing shooter.

Some years ago, the fox occurred at much higher densities than at present. The dread disease, rabies, has severely reduced their numbers, but they may still be found in virtually all of the townships close to Metro. The coyote at times inhabits the area but is considered rare.

In recent years, the white-tailed deer have moved back into the area bordering the city and are fast becoming a menace to highway traffic. Approximately 100 deer were killed by motor vehicles on highways in and about Metropolitan Toronto between 1963 and 1967. In the past two years, the Township of Pickering, east of the city, has had short open, deer seasons during which a total of 20 deer were known to be harvested by 72

local hunters. There is much good deer range and enough deer to support short shotgun seasons or long archery seasons.

The many small ponds and streams in the Metro area produce a large number of pond ducks such as mallards, blacks and blue-winged teal. These ponds are also favourite resting places for ducks moving south from more northern breeding areas. Local hunters who know the lay of the land, and can hit a bird on the wing, are known to harvest fair numbers of these birds each fall before they move south.

Hunting in the vicinity of Metropolitan Toronto still provides many sportsmen with a pleasant pastime. Some, however, cannot accept the fact that the frontier days are over. They still cling to the belief that land inhabited by game is theirs to use as they please. As a result, a few discourteous and unthinking individuals stride across pastures as if they owned them and seethe indignantly when they are ordered off. Their disregard of the law, and their inconsiderate

attitude towards the landowner, have resulted in the posting of many excellent hunting areas "Out of Bounds".

In spite of this, there still are large areas of private land open to hunters bordering the city. Here, under a special township licence, in addition to the Provincial small game licence, a number of hunters are allowed to hunt pheasants, rabbits and foxes during the open seasons. It should be emphasized that a hunting licence does not give you the right to hunt on private property without the permission of the landowner.

Ruffed grouse, woodcock, waterfowl and deer can be taken in good numbers when seasons are declared.

As long as open land is available for hunting, sportsmen who respect the rights and wishes of landowners and fellow sportsmen will experience little difficulty in finding enough game to provide a pleasant day's hunting in the vicinity of the metropolis.



Hunting is still a pleasant pastime in vicinity of Metro. Photo by W. A. Creighton.

